

Hi,
HERE SCRIPT #1
SEASON #2. THERE IS
NO CAST LIST AS OF
YET, BUT DAVID ASKED
ME TO GIVE IT TO YOU
ANYWAY



FAMILY GUY

"Brian in Love"

Production #2ACX01

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Return to Script Department:
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TABLE DRAFT
March 5, 1999

COLD OPEN

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The FAMILY sits in front of the TV.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We now return to "The X-Files."

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (ON TV)

SCULLY lies comatose. MULDER stands at her bedside.

MULDER

(GOING FOR THE EMMY) Dammit, Scully,
fight! You hear me, you fight this
thing! (THEN, SOFTENING) God, we sure
have been through a lot together.
Remember that time we thought Chrissy
was pregnant? (CHUCKLES) We were sooo
certain...

INT. SANTA MONICA TYPE APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mulder and Scully stand with their ears to a swinging kitchen
door. On the other side of door, CHRISSY talks on the phone
as she closes the oven door.

CHRISSY

(INTO PHONE) That's right, I said
I've got a bun in the oven.

Scully and Mulder react. O.S. AUDIENCE **groans** knowingly.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

It was fun to make and if I don't
like it I can always toss it in the
trash.

Scully and Mulder react bigger. Big audience **laugh**. As
Chrissy exits the kitchen, the swinging door knocks Mulder to
the ground. Huge **laugh**.

CHRISSY

Hi, guys.

MULDER

(NERVOUS) Hi, Chrissy, what were you
doing in the baby-- I mean kitchen!

Audience **laughs** even bigger.

CHRISSY

You guys are acting so weird. (THEN,
NERVOUS, TOUCHING HER NECK) Ow, my
neck feels funny.

CLOSE ON CHRISSY'S NECK -- something is violently trying to
break out. A **SMALL ALIEN** bursts out of Chrissy's neck,
spraying the room with blood. Chrissy collapses. The Alien
begins to drag her into one of the bedrooms.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

(VERY SOFTLY) Please help me...

SFX: OVEN TIMER.

MULDER

Hey, do you smell fresh baked--
(REALIZING) buns in the oven.

SCULLY & MULDER

(PLAYFULLY EXASPERATED) Chrissy!

Audience **laughs** uncomfortably.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETER

Geez, that Chrissy, what a slut, huh?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brian sits reading "Into Thin Air." Chris is on the phone.

CHRIS

No, you hang up first. No, you.

Okay, we'll hang up together. (BEAT,

LAUGHS) Well, you didn't either.

Lois enters.

LOIS

Chris, who are you talking to?

CHRIS

Grandma.

Lois notices a stain on the carpet.

LOIS

Oh, no!

BRIAN

What is it?

LOIS

It looks like Stewie had an accident
on the carpet.

BRIAN

Oh, Lois, again?

LOIS

That baby just does not want to keep
his diaper on.

Stewie enters carrying his teddy bear and holding up half a sandwich.

STEWIE

(TO LOIS) There you are! (HOLDS UP
SANDWICH) What the hell is this?

LOIS

Sweetie, that's tuna salad.

STEWIE

Oh, is that what it is, really?
Because I could've sworn it was
mayonnaise and cat food.

He throws the sandwich at her, then fishes in his pocket for
two coins.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Here's fifty cents. Do me a favor,
sweetheart, the next time you're out
shopping why don't you splurge on a
tin of solid white albacore.

LOIS

Stewie, are you upset because you
went wee wee on the carpet?

STEWIE

(INDIGNANT) What did you just say?

Peter enters.

PETER

Hey, Lois, I-- (SNIFFS) ooh, new
perfume?

Stewie holds his hand up.

STEWIE

(TO PETER, NOT THROUGH WITH LOIS) In a moment. (TO LOIS) What did you just say?

LOIS

(TO PETER) Stewie peed on the carpet.

PETER

(UNSURE) Do I-- do I hit him?

LOIS

No! But I do think we have a serious problem that we need to discuss.

Stewie walks up to Lois.

STEWIE

Bend down, Mother.

Lois bends down so she is face to face with Stewie.

LOIS

Yes, honey?

Stewie **smacks** her across the face.

STEWIE

How dare you sully my good name by spreading your slanderous filth!

LOIS

Stewie, that wasn't nice.

BRIAN

He's probably just ashamed, Lois. (TO STEWIE) You're just a helpless little carpet tinkler, aren't you?

STEWIE

Well! The outrages I have suffered today will not be soon forgotten. I will not be forgetting... (BECOMING FRUSTRATED) those outrages, oh, no, they won't be forgotten. Not the out--

BRIAN

Outrages, yeah, I think we got it.

STEWIE

(FRUSTRATED SIGH)

Stewie **scampers** off.

LOIS

Maybe it's time for Stewie to start potty training.

PETER

Geez, isn't he a little young for that? You know what happened to the Lindbergh baby.

INT. THE LINDBERGH BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CHARLES and ANNE LINDBERGH watch as their very young baby SON is awkwardly perched on a 1920's-style toilet (with the water tank on the wall above it).

ANNE

Charles, he's only six months old.

CHARLES

Honey, would you relax? I flew
across the Atlantic by myself, I'm a
national treasure for God's sake, I
think I know how to--

The baby reaches up and pulls the flush cord. He is
immediately sucked down the toilet with **whoosh** of water.
Charles rushes to the toilet, horrified.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Ahhh! Oh, God!

He straightens up, collecting himself.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

All right. He was kidnapped. You
call the police, I'll write the
ransom note.

ANNE

(WHISPERING) What about Amelia? She
saw everything.

WIDEN TO REVEAL AMELIA EARHART, standing in her aviator
outfit, hand over her mouth, horrified.

CHARLES

(DARKLY) You leave her to me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

C'mon, honey, he's been having
accidents, maybe he's trying to tell
us he's ready. This could be a nice
way for you and Stewie to bond.

PETER

Bond? James Bond. All right, Lois!

I'll do it!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - SAME

Peter and Lois are asleep in bed. There is a faint glow coming from a downstairs light. We PAN downstairs to the source of the light.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian is on his hands and knees scrubbing a stain out of the carpet. He is clearly very upset.

BRIAN

(TO HIMSELF) What is wrong with you,
Brian? Why can't you stop peeing on
the carpet? (SCRUBBING HARDER) Oh,
god, it won't come out.

A light goes on at the top of the stairs.

LOIS (O.S.)

Brian? Is that you?

BRIAN

(COVERING) Uh, yeah, it's me.

LOIS (O.S.)

Is everything okay?

BRIAN

Yeah, I, uh couldn't sleep, be up in
a minute.

LOIS (O.S.)

Okay.

The light at the top of the stairs goes out. We see Brian from behind as he continues scrubbing. After a beat he stops. He hunches over and we see his shoulders going up and down and the sounds of a **soft sob**. Then he grabs Stewie's teddy bear and plants it incriminatingly by the stain. Wiping his eyes, he heads for the stairs.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Brian sits on the sofa reading "The Color Of Water."
Chris watches TV. Meg enters.

MEG

Hey, can I read that when you're
finished with it?

BRIAN

Meg, you know I don't loan my books
out. It's this thing I have. Sorry.

Meg notices stain on carpet.

MEG

Uh-oh.

She bends down and picks up Stewie's teddy bear.

MEG

(CALLING) Mo-om! Stewie peed on the
rug again!

BRIAN

(SHOCKED) No.

Lois enters.

LOIS

Oh, this has got to stop.

MEG

Oh god, it smells gross! Yuck!

BRIAN

Well, princess, I'm sure yours
doesn't exactly smell like fresh
coffee.

LOIS

(OFF STAIN) That's odd, it looks like
someone already tried to clean it up.

BRIAN

(TOO QUICKLY) No, it doesn't!

Lois just stares at Brian for a beat. Chris looks up from TV.

CHRIS

Mine smells like soda.

EXT./ESTAB. BOOKSTORE - DAY

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

A BOOKSHOP OWNER is helping Peter find a book.

PETER

Yeah, I'm looking for toilet training
books.

BOOKSHOP OWNER

Yes. We can help you there.

"Everybody Poops" is still the
standard, of course. We've also got
the less popular "Nobody Poops But
You."

PETER

Huh. Well, see, we're Catholic...

BOOKSHOP OWNER

Oh, then you want "You're a Naughty
Child And That's Concentrated Evil
Coming Out The Back Of You."

PETER

Perfect!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

INT. BASEMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Brian is washing sheets, nervously checking to see if anyone
is coming. Lois enters with laundry.

LOIS

Brian? What are you doing?

Brian quickly leans against the dryer casually, trying to
block her view to no avail.

BRIAN

Oh, hi, Lois, just washing some
things.

LOIS

Those look like our sheets. And our
quilt.

BRIAN

(TRYING NOT TO LOSE IT) I think
Stewie must've had another accident.

LOIS

I don't understand, Stewie hasn't
been on our bed. The only one who's
been on the bed today is -- oh, Brian.

BRIAN

Look, I don't know what you're suggesting, but I-- (BREAKS DOWN) oh, god, Lois, I'm so ashamed, what's wrong with me....

Lois holds him and he **sobs** in her arms.

LOIS

Shhh, it's okay. So you've had a couple of accidents. You'll go to the doctor and everything'll be alright. Nobody ever has to know. Feel better?

As she holds him, we can see the back of his head nodding yes. The **sobbing** subsides. It stops for a beat. Then the **sobbing** starts up again.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(STROKING HIS HEAD) Shhhh...

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

INT. UROLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian sits on an examining table talking to DR. EPSTEIN. (He has a framed movie poster from THE WIZ on the wall.)

DR. EPSTEIN

Well, all your tests have come back negative, Brian. There's nothing physically wrong with you.

BRIAN

(BITTERLY) Aside from the fact that I'm squirting water like a cherub in a garden fountain.

DR. EPSTEIN

It could be psychological. I can
recommend an excellent therapist.

BRIAN

Oh, I see. No, thank you. I think
I'll be getting off the doctor train.

DR. EPSTEIN

Well, at least try taking better care
of yourself. This could clear up on
its own.

BRIAN

(CURT) Yes, well, thank you, Doctor
Epstein.

DR. EPSTEIN

(EXITING) I'll let you change.

BRIAN

Doctor?

DR. EPSTEIN

Yes.

BRIAN

Could you, uh, take this tube out of
my penis now?

DR. EPSTEIN

Oh, sure, sorry.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

There are open toilet training books strewn about the room.
Yes, strewn. Stewie stands next to the toilet, arms crossed.

PETER

Come on, Stewie, don't you want to
pee in the toilet bowl like a big boy?

STEWIE

Well, perhaps I could give it the old
college try.

He indicates the edge of the toilet.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Why don't you put your hands right
there. (OFF PETER'S CONFUSED LOOK)
It will help me to relax.

PETER

Okay, buddy.

Peter holds on to the edge of the toilet. Stewie walks up to
the toilet and violently **slams** the lid down on Peter's
fingers.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaah! Huh, maybe you don't have
to pee. I should just give you some
beer, goes right through ya.

STEWIE

Wonderful, and while we're at it we
can light up a doobie and watch porn.

Peter has to think about this for awhile.

PETER

(HESITANT) Yeah?

Lois enters.

STEWIE

Madam, you wrong me!

LOIS

Peter, I think you were right after all. It may be too early to potty train Stewie. Besides, I've got a feeling we've seen the last of our accidents.

PETER

But we're makin' real progress. C'mon, Stewie, this is what big kids do. I remember when I learned to use the potty all by myself. I was so proud.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE:

CLOSE SHOT - A SMILING, TWO YEAR-OLD PETER (FLASHBACK)

FAST PULL BACK TO REVEAL we were looking at a picture of young Peter. We're actually in the Griffins' living room. Lois is sitting on the couch, reading a magazine. Peter enters, beaming.

PETER

(PROUDLY) Hey Lois! I did it!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

STEWIE

(TO PETER) Listen, you, I'll use these facilities when I'm damn well ready.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Until then, you shall continue to
sanitize my crevasse, and be damned
grateful for the opportunity!

Stewie **scampers** out of the bathroom. Lois **sighs**.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - LATER

Brian sits at the table, his head in his hands. The small TV on the counter is on.

INT. PRICE IS RIGHT SET - DAY (ON TV)

BOB BARKER talks to the camera.

BOB BARKER

Join us tomorrow for more "Price is
Right." This is Bob Barker,
reminding you to help control the pet
population. Have your pets spayed or
neutered.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Brian glances up at the TV.

BRIAN

Oh, just die already.

Lois enters. Brian sits up, putting on a fake smile.

LOIS

Brian, what did the doctor say?

BRIAN

Oh, I'm fine. I just have to watch
my diet and get more exercise. That
sort of thing.

LOIS

Thank god.

Lois pats his shoulder and exits.

BRIAN

(SOTTO, TRYING TO CONVINCE HIMSELF)

Yep, couldn't be healthier.

EXT./ESTAB. SUPERMARKET - DAY

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

The family is in line at the check-out. Stewie sits in the cart's baby seat. Peter looks at the magazines. He picks up Time Magazine.

PETER

(READING THE COVER) "Holocaust

Remembered." Who could ever forget?

It was the first time Crosby, Stills
and Nash performed together.

LOIS

Peter, that was Woodstock.

PETER

Oh. (BEAT) Then who played the
Holocaust?

SFX: A THIN STREAM OF WATER HITTING LINOLEUM.

PETER (CONT'D)

What's that sound?

We **PAN** to see Brian from the shoulders up. His face is mortified. Slowly his shoulders start to shake.

STEWIE

(OUTRAGED) So, it's been you all
along! Oh, this is too perfect!
I've been taking the blame for Rex.
I love it!

MEG

Ew, it's everywhere.

LOIS

(TO BRIAN, CALM) It's okay. (THEN)
Meg, hand me my sweater.

Lois ties it around Brian's waist.

PETER

Geez, Brian, where do you think you
are, Payless?

STEWIE

(TO PASSING EMPLOYEE) I say, Paco,
grab a mop! For god's sake, will
somebody get Patches the hell out of
here before he decides to bend a
fresh biscuit on the conveyor belt!

LOIS

Shh, it's okay. (THEN, TO FAMILY)
We'll meet you in the parking lot.

BRIAN

(SOBBING) Oh, god, Lois, I need help.

FAMILY GUY 2ACX01 "BRIAN IN LOVE" TABLE DRAFT 3/5/99 19.

As Lois leads Brian out an OLD WOMAN slips and falls in the pee.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian sits on couch. A THERAPIST sits across from him taking notes.

BRIAN

Look, I really don't even know why I'm here. Am I supposed to blame my mother for everything, is that how this works?

DR. KAPLAN

You tell me.

BRIAN

I was a happy puppy. End of story.

DR. KAPLAN

And now?

BRIAN

And now I've got a very comfortable life. I live with a great family, all my needs are met. I know what you're thinking, "he settled," and hey, maybe I did, I don't know. But I'm seven years old, oh god, just saying it out loud, seven years old, how did that happen? Okay, look, so maybe this isn't where I thought I was going to be at seven, it's just that-- is it okay if I smoke in here?

The therapist nods.

BRIAN

Thanks. (LIGHTS UP) It's just that things don't always work out the way we plan. I wanted to write. I wanted to direct, you know some great little off-Broadway one-acts. God, I wanted to travel. (REALIZING) You know I've never been to Europe. (THEN) Now look at me, middle-aged, alone and pissing in supermarkets. Man, didn't see that coming. (TAKES A LONG, THOUGHTFUL DRAG ON HIS CIGARETTE) I had this dream last night. Ever see "Logan's Run"?

EXT./ESTAB. FUTURISTIC DOME CITY - (BRIAN'S DREAM)

INT. FUTURISTIC DOME CITY - DAY (BRIAN'S DREAM)

(NOTE: This sequence is a parody of "Logan's Run".) We are in "the Carousel". A number of cloaked YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN float through the air behind a domed force field, **exploding** one by one, as an auditorium of toga-clad (slightly younger) ONLOOKERS **applaud**.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER VOICE OVER

(AMPLIFIED) Last day, Capricorn twenty-five thirty-seven. Attention: the owner of a blue Honda Civic, your lights are on.

Brian (wearing a toga) is among the onlookers, **applauding**. He looks down and sees that a crystal imbedded in his paw is flashing red. He gets up and races out.

ANGLE ON TWO SANDMEN, dressed in black with a grey bar across their chest. One of them holds a walkie-talkie.

WALKIE-TALKIE VOICE

(MUTED) We have a runner in Sector G.

The Sandmen draw their guns and chase after Brian.

INT. FUTURISTIC DOME CITY PLAZA - DAY

The Sandmen chase Brian across the Plaza, **firing** at him as they go. Brian holds his stomach, **panting**, and goes down on one knee, out of breath. The Sandmen take aim.

BRIAN

Geez, I gotta get my ass into a gym.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

BRIAN

(A BEAT) So, Dr. Kaplan, what do you think?

DR. KAPLAN

I think you're having feelings. I think you're very sensitive and you put up a tough front. I think you're in pain.

Brian is becoming emotional.

BRIAN

(SOFTLY) Dammit, Brian, do not cry.

DR. KAPLAN

I'd like to pet you, Brian. Would that be okay?

Brian nods. The therapist gently pets him.

DR. KAPLAN

You're a good dog, Brian. A very
good-- Oh, you have a tick.

BRIAN

(RESIGNED) Just leave it.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - EVENING

Lois is cooking dinner, watching the countertop TV.

INT. QUAHOG NEWS FIVE SET (ON TV)

TOM and DIANE are there.

TOM

And now part two of our very own
Asian correspondent Tricia Takanawa's
special report on sex.

INT. MIDDLE CLASS BEDROOM - EVENING

TRICIA TAKANAWA stands with a microphone at the foot of a bed
with two people who are obviously having sex (under covers,
nothing naughty shows). We **PUSH IN** on Tricia.

TRICIA TAKANAWA

Tom, I'm standing in the bedroom of
Judy and Glenn Isaacs, ten years
married and still in love. What's
their secret? Rick James.

We hear **funky music** as RICK JAMES pops his head out from
under the covers and waves to the **CAMERA**.

RICK JAMES

Yeooooow! Time for a freak sandwich.

TRICIA TAKANAWA

Back to you, Tom.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - EVENING (BACK TO SCENE)

Lois watches TV. Brian enters.

LOIS

Brian, how did it go?

BRIAN

Well, Lois...I think I have a little bit of "me" work to do. But I'm feeling things and that's a start.

LOIS

Oh, that's wonderful. You know, Brian, like most other people, I used to think therapy was only for crazies and nut jobs. Isn't that silly?

Peter enters.

PETER

Hey, Lois I--

He spots Brian and stiffens, nervous.

PETER (CONT'D)

(WARILY) Heeeeey, Brian, howya doin? They let you out already?

BRIAN

Peter, I was in a therapy session not a lunatic asylum.

PETER

Hey, hey, calm down. Nobody meant to upset you. (ASIDE) Lois, ide-hey the nives-kay.

LOIS

(TO BRIAN) What did your therapist
say?

BRIAN

He thinks the (CLEARS THROAT)
accidents are just a manifestation of
my repressed frustrations.

PETER

(MOCK INTEREST) Hm, interesting.
(THEN, ASIDE TO LOIS) Ooga booga
witchcraft voodoo, Lois.

BRIAN

Well, Dr. Kaplan thinks I should go
out into the world and pursue my
dreams. I'm leaving tomorrow.

EXT. ALASKAN CRUISE SHIP - DAY

Brian is at the rail, using binoculars. He watches in the
distance as a large chunk of glacier breaks off and
majestically crashes into the ocean. Brian shakes his head
slightly, overwhelmed by the beauty.

BRIAN

(AWESTRUCK) Mmmm!

SFX: THREE CHIMING TONE

Brian turns to the SIGHTSEEING COUPLE standing next to him in
pleasant disbelief.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

God, is it time to eat already?
Seems like we just had lunch! All
they do is feed you on this thing!

He **chuckles** and starts for the dining room with the couple.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

So, this your first cruise?

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Brian, dressed in biker's spandex outfit and goggles, is riding in the Tour D'France. Lots of BIKERS are **whizzing** past him, but he's just lost in the joy of the moment.

BRIAN

(ROBUSTLY SINGS UPBEAT ITALIAN OPERA)

"Funi culi, funi cula!"

He takes his water bottle from its holder, squirts some in his mouth, then more on his face. He does a quick "dog shake", then replaces the bottle. An OLD FRENCH COUPLE walks a PIG along the side of the road, tapping it with a stick to keep it going.

OLD FRENCH MAN

Allo!

OLD FRENCH WOMAN

Allez, chien americain, allez!

BRIAN

Vous avez une belle compagnie!

He throws his arms up joyfully, riding hands-free.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

La vie c'est magnifique!

INT. "WILL AND GRACE" SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Brian sits in a director's chair with a script. ERIC MCCORMACK and DEBRA MESSING are running through a scene, also holding scripts.

DEBRA MESSING

Come on, Will, the party's tonight.
Even though you're gay, will you
pretend to be my husband to make my
ex-boyfriend jealous?

ERIC MCCORMACK

Okay, Grace, you are having such a
"Knots Landing" moment right now.
They both look expectantly to Brian.

BRIAN

Good, let's try it again, only this
time Eric try to... fag it up a
little.

ERIC MCCORMACK

That's it, I can't work like this!
He **drops** his script and storms off.

BRIAN

Oh, c'mon, you know what I mean!
(THEN, SIGHING) Actors.

DEBRA MESSING

(NEEDY ACTRESS) Brian? How was I?

BRIAN

(A BEAT) Perfection.

EXT./ESTAB. PROFESSIONAL CENTER - DAY

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - DAY

Brian **sips** coffee.

BRIAN

But, now, well, these sessions have really been invaluable, and I think I'm okay. Being out in the world, feeling my power, I've never been so in the moment. And no accidents -- I've been dry for two weeks now.

DR. KAPLAN

Mazel tov.

BRIAN

Good bye, Bruce. And thank you.

Dr. Kaplan shakes his hand. Brian pulls him into a hug. They smile warmly, then Brian exits to:

INT. DR. KAPLAN'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tom Tucker is in the waiting room with his freakish, upside-down faced SON, who sits with his arms crossed, looking petulant.

TOM

Look, I know Stacey isn't your mother, but upside-down face or not, you have to respect her.

Brian crosses through on his way out the door.

BRIAN'S POV -- Tom Tucker.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Hey, you're Tom Tuh--

CAMERA PANS TO Tom's freakish son.

ANGLE ON BRIAN -- His ears go up and his head cocks like Scooby Doo.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Urrr!?

Tom looks offended. Brian recovers.

BRIAN

That was rude. I apologize. (THEN,
EXITING, TO HIMSELF) Wow.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Stewie is standing on the arm of the couch, hands behind his back and swaying back and forth, **peeing** on the couch. He picks up Lois sweater, considers it, then passes it through the stream of pee before putting it back on the couch.

STEWIE

(SINGS) "I'm a little teapot short
and stout. Here is my handle, here
is my spout."

He turns and **pees** on the curtains.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(SINGS) "When I get all steamed up,
hear me shout..."

He shakes himself, then:

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(SHOUTING) Lois, he's done it again!
Goodness, it's everywhere!

He **laughs** to himself.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - LATER

Peter and Lois are having a serious discussion with Brian.

BRIAN

I... I swear, I don't even remember doing it. I don't understand this.

LOIS

Now, Brian, we know you're not doing this on purpose, but maybe we should consider... crating.

BRIAN

Oh, god.

PETER

Or you could be an outside dog.
(SELLING IT) Would ya like that?
Huh? Outside?

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian sits smoking nervously.

BRIAN

Oh, and how embarrassed was I when the word "crate" came up? Just cut my testicles off, why don't you?

He **knocks** wood.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I mean, I thought I was past this. I went to Europe, for God's sake. You know how much I spent?

DR. KAPLAN

Well, obviously we haven't hit the real issue yet.

(MORE)

DR. KAPLAN (CONT'D)

Tell me, Brian -- the last accident
you remember -- did anything unusual
happen that might have triggered it?

BRIAN

No, it was a normal day. Peter was
washing the car.

INT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Brian sits in a lawn chair reading "The Perfect Storm."
Peter is washing the car, hose in one hand, beer in the
other. Lois walks up with a couple of bags of groceries.

PETER

(PLAYFULLY) Oh, Catwoman!

LOIS

Peter, no Catwoman today. I'm tired.

PETER

Ooh, whatsa matter, is the mighty
Catwoman afraid of a little Catwoman
melting spray?

Peter sprays her ass with some water. She **giggles**.

LOIS

All right, okay, enough, Batman, I
don't want to-- ahh!

She gets hit full in the face with a stream of water.

PETER

Hehehehe! Not so mighty now, are
you, Catwoman! Hehehehe!

He begins spraying her full on with the hose. She **yelps** and
runs around the car. Peter chases her, **laughing**.

She **squeals** as she tries to get away, stumbling backwards into the gutter. The groceries go flying.

LOIS

(SPITTING OUT WATER) Peter! C'mon,

Batman, I can't breathe! Peter!

Brian looks up from his book, watching as Peter pins Lois in the gutter with the force of the water. She **laughs** and **sputters** water, finally grabbing a nearby jar of mayonnaise and pelting him in the head. He **laughs**, dropping the hose. Lois picks it up and starts spraying him.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(LAUGHING) Oooh, I'm using my special

cat powers to get Batman all wet!

Meow! Meow!

She backs Peter up against the car with the force of the water. They **laugh** and she drops the hose and **kisses** him. The force of the water causes the hose to whip around wildly and **smash** one of the car windows. Brian goes into the house.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

BRIAN

Just the usual stuff. (THEN) Wait a minute. All that running water. That's gotta be it.

DR. KAPLAN

(MAYBE) Uh-huh. Brian, tell me about Lois.

BRIAN

(SMILES WARMLY) Lois, well she's a fantastic woman. She's compassionate, and charming. Attractive. Well, stunning, really.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And the sound of her laughter? Let's just say it's gotten me through some rough days. I guess you could say I really...

A beat.

DR. KAPLAN

Love her?

BRIAN

No! Of course not! Me and Lois? That's sick. That's, that's impossible. I mean, c'mon. She's my best friend's wife!

DR. KAPLAN

Wouldn't it be great if we could just turn off our feelings when they frighten us?

BRIAN

Look, I love Lois. But I'm not in love with her.

DR. KAPLAN

Who are you trying to convince, Brian? Me? Or you?

Brian shakes his head and **takes a drag** on his cigarette.

BRIAN

(BEAT) Brian, Brian, what a mess...

EXT./ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

Peter and Brian are at the bar.

PETER

So what the hell, Brian, you cured
yet? 'Cuz I don't wanna have to live
in a house with plastic on the
furniture, like some Italian family.
Eew.

BRIAN

My therapist thinks it's a little
complicated.

PETER

Oh, yeah? What does Sigmund Fraud
think it is?

BRIAN

He, uh... thinks I'm in love.

PETER

Oh, my God! You can talk!

Brian just stares at Peter for a long, long beat. He looks
down for a second, not sure what to do. Then:

BRIAN

He, uh... thinks I'm in love.

PETER

Well, let me give you a piece of
advice. Whoever she is go after her.
No matter who gets hurt, no matter
what the obstacle.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Let no one stand in your way.

Friends, husbands, no one.

BRIAN

You... you really mean that?

PETER

I sure do.

BRIAN

Okay. Thanks.

They each lift their glass and drink. Then:

PETER

So what's the deal with Stewie? Does
he have like an English accent or
something?

Brian stares at Peter for a long, long beat.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lois is on the couch watching TV. Brian enters.

LOIS

Brian, the news is on.

BRIAN

(LOOKING AROUND) Where is everybody?

LOIS

Stewie's taking a nap and Peter and the kids are out. (PATS THE SOFA, PLAYFULLY) Come sit with me.

BRIAN

(UNSURE) Okay.

He laughs nervously and sits next to Lois. Lois begins absentmindedly scratching behind his ears. Brian is in ecstasy. He makes a very low, shaky "ohhhhhh."

INT. QUAHOG NEWS FIVE SET - DAY (ON TV)

DIANE

And now part three of little Asian correspondent Tricia Takanawa's special report on sex.

INT. DIRTY HOTEL ROOM - DAY (ON TV)

TRICIA TAKANAWA

Thank you, Diane. Sex. Some people have it anonymously. What kind of person would do that, you might ask. Well, I'm about to find out.

She begins taking off her clothes.

TRICIA TAKANAWA

I just picked up a complete stranger
in a hotel bar and he's in the
bathroom right now, possibly doing
drugs. Watch as I have sex with this
potentially dangerous man as we take
you in depth and undercover.

She winks at the **CAMERA** and gets into bed. A SEEDY GUY exits
the bathroom in his boxers.

SEEDY GUY

So what are you anyway? Spanish?

Cheesy music begins playing.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Brian sits very close to Lois, his tail wagging furiously.

LOIS

Oh, it is so refreshing to see
something other than violence on the
news. (THEN) Brian, your tail keeps
hitting me.

BRIAN

If it's bothering you I can stop.

LOIS

That's okay, the breeze feels good.
It's so warm in here!

BRIAN

(NERVOUSLY) Why don't you, uh... uh,
take your sweater off?

LOIS

Good idea.

She takes off her sweater. Underneath she wears a white t-shirt.

LOIS

Whoo. That's better.

BRIAN

(TRYING TO BE SMOOTH) I'd take my sweater off but I'm afraid it's attached to my skin.

He **laughs** hard at his lame joke.

LOIS

(WEAK SMILE, BEING POLITE) Mmm.

She reaches for a magazine and begins reading.

BRIAN

(TO HIMSELF) Smooth.

LOIS

Isn't it nice to have this alone time together?

BRIAN

(READING WAY TOO MUCH INTO THAT) Oh, god, I am so glad you said that, because I was thinking the exact same thing. The time we spend alone together is so special to me, and to know that you feel the same way. Well, it feels good, that's what it feels like.

LOIS

What a lovely thing to say.

She reaches over and pets him.

BRIAN

(SMILING, EYES CLOSED) Oh, that's nice. (A BEAT) Can I touch the skin on your arm? (HE DOES) It's like porcelain.

LOIS

(A BIT UNCOMFORTABLE) Thank you.

Well, I better go start dinner.

She exits. Brian picks up her sweater, **breathes** deeply into it, then clutches it to his chest and **sighs**.

STEWIE (O.S.)

Well, well, well.

Brian bolts up and looks over to see Stewie leaning smugly against the doorjamb, eating an apple.

BRIAN

How long have you been there?

STEWIE

I came along right about the time you started pummeling her with your tail.

BRIAN

You shut up.

STEWIE

Look, I don't know what you think you can do with her...

BRIAN

I said shut up.

Brian exits.

STEWIE

That's it, go running to your
girlfriend! (THEN, HANDS CLASPED,
LOOKING UP) Thank you.

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG PROFESSIONAL CENTER - DAY

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIAN

I don't know, Bruce, sometimes I
think she feels the same way I do,
and other times, I'm just not sure.
When we were on the couch together I
was getting this vibe, I'm sure I
wasn't imagining it. I don't know
how much longer I can hold these
feelings inside.

DR. KAPLAN

Have you been keeping your journal?

BRIAN

(CAUGHT) No.

DR. KAPLAN

Well, I know you can write. I read
that "NewsRadio" script you gave me.
I thought you really nailed the
characters.

BRIAN

(FLATTERED) Oh, you read that? God,
I wrote that so long ago.

DR. KAPLAN

Well, you need a way to express
yourself. If the journal's not
working for you, try writing a poem,
or a sonnet.

BRIAN

Lois. Just her name is a poem.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family eats dinner.

MEG

(RAPIDLY AND EXCITED) ...Then
Brittany and Amber were, like, let's
go to the mall. And I was like,
okay, I'll go to the mall, but then,
Amber wasn't gonna go. So, I went to
the mall, and you're not going to
believe it... they both showed up.

PETER

Boring! Can you tell it again and
give one of those girls hands that
are whirling blades?

BRIAN

Lois, this pasta-- better than Italy.

LOIS

It's just my noodle kaboodle. (THEN)
I did use a different brand of potato
chips for the crust, though.

STEWIE

Mmmm-mmm. Fancy.

BRIAN

Well, I bow to the expertise of
Madame Chef.

He gives a slight bow. Peter, Meg and Chris just stare
at him.

LOIS

Thank you.

STEWIE

(ARMS REACHED UP) Up! Up! Stewie
wants to go uppy!

LOIS

You want me to pick you up, Sweetie?

She stands from the table and picks up Stewie who begins
nuzzling his face in her hair while glaring at Brian.

STEWIE

Mm. Momma's skin so soft!

LOIS

My goodness you're affectionate
tonight! Well, let me give my big
boy a kiss!

She **kisses** him. Brian is getting increasingly jealous.

STEWIE

Another! Another!

She begins to smother him in **kisses**.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(GIGGLING) Momma has candy kisses!

BRIAN

(STANDING) All right that's enough!

They all stare at him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(COVERING) I mean, would you all

excuse me, please?

Brian exits.

LOIS

Stewie... did you unhook Mommy's bra?

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - MORNING

Lois is at the table as Brian enters.

LOIS

Coffee, Brian?

BRIAN

Only if you'll join me.

Lois goes for the coffee as Peter enters with a piece of paper.

PETER

Hehehe. Look what I found under the sink in the bathroom.

LOIS

What is it, Peter?

PETER

It looks like somebody's little love
poem.

Brian stiffens.

LOIS

Whatever it is, it's probably private.

PETER

You're right, Lois. (READING) "As you
glide down the stairs, I'm watching
you. Your gorgeous red hair shines,
I'm watching you. You have a
husband, I know. He's my friend,
this is so, yet I'm watching you."

Lois becomes increasingly uncomfortable as she realizes
this poem is written about her by Brian.

PETER (CONT'D)

"Oh is, Lois, so is, Lois, all is
Lois, waiting, wanting, as I watch
you, I watch you, I watch you."

Lois **swallows hard**. Brian looks to her for her reaction.

PETER

(DEAD SERIOUS) I know what this is.
(THEN) This is some kind of Viking
treasure map! (CALLING) Chris, grab
a shovel. We're gonna be rich!

Peter runs out. Lois and Brian share a look. Through the
window behind them we see Peter frantically digging a hole in
the backyard.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lois is folding laundry. Brian enters.

BRIAN

Hi.

LOIS

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Well, hello, Brian.

BRIAN

I think we should talk.

LOIS

Sure.

She realizes she is folding a pair of her panties and quickly puts them down.

LOIS

Why don't we sit. (TRYING TO SOUND
CASUAL) My, Peter should be home any
minute.

They sit on the sofa. Brian a little too close.

BRIAN

About that poem...

LOIS

It was a beautiful poem, Brian. Any
woman would be proud to receive such
a tribute. Some of the watching
parts were a little unsettling...

BRIAN

Lois, did you ever want to ask something, but were too afraid of what the answer might be? On the one hand it might be horrible, on the other it could lead to something wonderful.

LOIS

Sometimes, it's best not to ask those questions. Sometimes, we should cherish what we already have. Like a family that loves us very much. And very special friendships, let's say like the one you and I share, that someone like me wouldn't change for anything in the world.

BRIAN

(MOVED) Someone like me wouldn't change it for anything in the world either.

LOIS

(SHE TOUCHES HIS PAW) I'm glad.

They share a smile. Brian exits. Lois continues folding clothes. After a beat Brian enters again.

BRIAN

Okay, just to be clear, we were talking about me being in love with you and you rejecting me, right?

LOIS

Yes.

BRIAN

Just making sure.

He exits.

EXT. MUNICIPAL GOLF COURSE - DAY

Brian rides in a golf cart, which Peter drives right on to the green. Peter kills a beer and tosses the empty on the green.

BRIAN

I tell ya, Peter, I wish I'd taken
this up years ago.

PETER

Yeah, y'know my great, great, great
uncle Angus Griffin invented the game.

EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - DAY (CUTAWAY)

ANGUS GRIFFIN (Peter's model in a kilt) stands with a group of other SCOTTISH MEN holding golf clubs.

ANGUS

So we're all clear on the rules,
then. No Jews and no blacks.

SCOTS

(RAISING THEIR CLUBS) AYE!

EXT. MUNICIPAL GOLF COURSE - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Brian sinks a putt.

PETER

Wow, you're like the Arnold Palmer of
golf.

BRIAN

Yeah, life is good. I'm seven years old, and if I play my cards right I've got another seven years ahead of me.

PETER

Hey, whatever happened with your lady friend?

BRIAN

We decided to stay good friends. I think I was just in love with the idea of being in love.

PETER

I thought I was in love once. Turned out it was just scabies. What a relief. There's no lotion for love.

Brian pulls the flag. Peter moves up to take his putt. He misses the hole by inches.

PETER (CONT'D)

Damn.

He moves to take the putt again, again missing by inches. This happens several times. We **PULL BACK** as Peter continues to shoot and miss, and Brian tilts his head up to enjoy the afternoon sun.

PETER (CONT'D)

Damn. (MISSES) Damn. (MISSES) Damn.
(MISSES) Mulligan. (MISSES) Damn.

END OF SHOW